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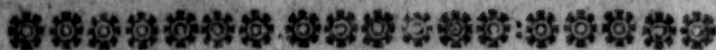
Containing Six excellent

New Songs.

- I. The LILLIES of FRANCE.
- II. SAILOR JACK.
- III. NANCY DAWSON.
- IV. The POSIE of THYME.
- V. KITTY FELL.
- VI. GOD SAVE the KING.



Licenced and entered according to Order :



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83/8

The Lillies of France.

THE lillies of *France* and the fair *English* rose
Could never agree as old History shews :
But our *Edwards* and *Henrys* these lillies have torn
And on their rich Standards those Ensigns have born ;
To shew that old *England* beneath her strong lance
Has humbled the Pride and the Glory of *France*.

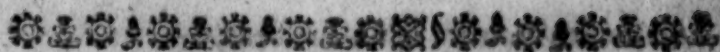
What would these *Monsiers*, would they know how
they run ?

Why look at the Annals of glorious Queen *Anne*,
We beat them by Sea Boys, we beat them by Land
When *Marlbrough* and *Russel* enjoy'd the command
We'll beat them again, Boys, so let them advance
Old *England* despises the Insults of *France*.

But let the Grand Monarch assemble his Host,
And threaten Invasion on *England's* fair Coast ;
We'll bid them Defiance, so let them come on,
Have at them their Business will quickly be done ;
Monsiers, we will teach you a new *English* Dance,
To our granadier's march that shall frighten all
France.

Let us take up our Muskets, and gird on our Swords
Monsiers you shall find us as good as our Words,
Beat drums, trumpets sound, and huzza for our King
And welcome, proud *France*, with what Troops
thou can'st bring :

Huzza for old *England*, whose strong pointed lance
Has humbled the Pride and the Glory of *France*.



SAILOR JACK.

LAST Monday morn I sail'd from *Cork*,
 On board of the *Montague*;
 There's one board I love molt dear,
 And I hope he will prove true,
 Kind Heaven send him safely back,
 My Life, my Joy, my Sailor *Jack*. Fal lal lal &c

The first Time that he came to court me,
 He was dress'd in rich Array,
 He was dress'd all in his silk Brocades,
 And other rich Garments gay:
 So sweet he sat and Sung to me,
 With his good Humour kind and free.

The second Time he came to court me,
 He was dress'd in Sailor's Array;
 He was dress'd all in his speckled Shirt,
 And other Garments gay:
 Deceive me not for I am young,
 You've a deceitful flattering Tongue.
 If that I on Board with you should go,
 Ben't Jealous of me my dear,
 Your Cabbin I will closely keep,
 No Man will I come near;
 And when your Bread and Beer is out,
 I'll help to steer your Ship about,

And when you are upon the Seas,
 Think on your *Polly* dear,
 And never you take thought for that,
 For you need never fear,
 Hoist up your Sails, push back your Oar,
 And return to your *Polly's* Arms once more.

So to Conclude and end my Song,
 It was made on *Sailor Jack*,
 He sailed the World quite round about,
 And then returned Back;
 And now he liveth in this Land,
 With his good Wife and Children.



NANCY DAWSON.

OF all the Girls in our Town,
 The black, the fair the Red the Brown,
 That France and Dance it up and down,
 There's none like *Nancy Dawson*.

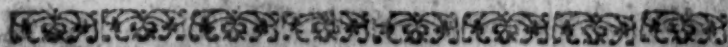
Her easy Mein, her Shape so neat;
 She Foots, she Trips, she looks so Sweet;
 Her very Motions are Compleat;
 I die for *Nancy Dawson*.

See how she comes to give Surprise;
 With Joy and Pleasure in her Eyes;
 To give delight she always tries,
 So means my *Nancy Dawson*.

Was there no Task to obstruct the Way,
 No *Shutter* bold, nor House to gay,
 A Bet of fifty Pounds I'd lay,
 That I gain'd *Nancy Dawson*.

See how the *Opera* takes a run,
 Exceeding *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Lux*,
 Tho' in it there would be no Fun,
 Was it not for *Nancy Dawson*.
 Tho' *Beard* and *Brent* charm e'ery Night,
 And female *Peachum's* justly Right
 And *Filsh* and *Lockit* please the Sight,
 'Tis kept up by *Nancy Dawson*:

See little *Davy* Strut and Puff,
 Pox on the *Opera* and such stuff,
 My House is never full enough,
 A curse on *Nancy Dawson*.
 Tho' G-----k he has had his Day,
 And forc'd the Town his Laws to obey,
 Now *Johnny Rich* is come in play,
 With the help of *Nancy Dawson*.



The Posie of Thyme.

IT was in the merry Month of *May*,
 When the Flowers were all in their Prime!
 A pretty Damsel young and gay,
 Was gathering a Posie of *Thyme*.

As sure as the *Thyme* grows wild,
 In *April, May, and June.*
 My dearest Love has proved to me unkind,
 And has ruin'd me quite in my Bloom.

But since he is gone to Sea,
 And blasted my youthful prime,
 I never never more shall have ease ;
 So I will wear the Posie of *Thyme.*

In the Countie of *Stafford* I was Born,
 Near *Newcastle under line ;*
 Pretty Maidens they laugh me to scorne,
 For wearing the Posie *Thyme.*

The Time it goes swiftly away,
 And the Tide for no man will stay,
 May the Time and the Tide with him slide,
 And send my dear Love from the Sea.

May the Heavens protect him from Harm,
 Be his Gaurdian ye Angels devine ;
 For if I had my dear Baby in my Arms,
 I wou'd wander the length of my Time.

Hugh Stephenson give ear to my Moan,
 Since you've brought my Complaints into Ryme,
 Since me dearest Love have prov'd unkind,
 I am weary Woman weary of my Time,

To all Pleasures I will bid adue,
 And my sorrows to you I'll resign,
 Since my dearest Love have prov'd unkind,
 I am weary Woman weary of my Time,

K I T T Y F E L L.

W H I L E Beaus to please the Ladies write ;
 Or Bards to get a Dinner by't,
 Their well feign'd Passion tell ;
 Let me in humble Verse proclaim.
 My Love for her who bears the Name,
 Of charming K I T T Y F E L L.

That K I T T Y's beautiful and young,
 That she has danc'd, that she has sung,
 Alas I know full well !
 I feel——and I shall ever feel——
 The Dart more sharp then pointed Steel,
 That came from K I T T Y F E L L.

Of late I hop'd by Reason's Aid,
 To cure the Wounds which Love had made;
 And bade a long Farewell :
 But t'other Day she cross'd the Green,
 I saw——I wish I had not seen,
 My charming K I T T Y F E L L !

I asked her why she pass'd that Way ?
 To Church she cry'd——I cannot stay,
 Why don't you hear the Bell ?
 To Church ! Oh take me with thee there,
 I pray'd——she would not hear my Prayer,
 Ah cruel K I T T Y F E L L !

And now I find 'tis all in vain;
I live to love and to complain;
Condemn'd in Chains to dwell:
For tho' she casts a scornful Eye,
In Death my fault'ring Tongue will cry;
Aduce, bear KITTY FEEL.



G O D Save the K I N G.

G O D save our Noble KING,
Long live great GEORGE our KING,
God save the KING,

Send Him victorious,
Happy and Glorious,
Long to reign over us,

God save the KING.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter His Enemies,

And make them fall:

Confound their Politicks,
Frustrate their knavish Tricks;
In Thee our Hopes we fix,

O save us all.

Thy choicest Gifts in Store;

On GEORGE vouchsafe to pour;

Long may He reign:

May He defend our Laws,

And ever give us Cause,

To say with Heart and Voice,

God save the KING.

